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# CARNEGIE

## MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XIII    PITTSBURGH, PA., OCTOBER 1939    NUMBER 5



FLOWERS ON A RED TABLE

By MAURICE BRIANCHON (French)

*Awarded the Allegheny County Garden Club Prize of \$300*

CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

*(See Page 131)*

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

VOLUME XIII NUMBER 5  
OCTOBER, 1939

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver  
breast

The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

—VENUS AND ADONIS

—3 D—

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The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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A WASHINGTON READER

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I am sending this note to express appreciation of the quotation from Louis D. Brandeis which appears near the bottom of page 110 in the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE for September, 1939. This is one of the most interesting statements relative to the meaning of democracy that I have seen and I am having it copied to share with others. I was interested to see on the same page the note regarding the bequest to the Carnegie Institute from Mrs. John L. Porter. I am delighted to learn of the continuing forward march in this program for aid to the Institute.

—JOHN C. MERRIAM

WHAT JUSTICE BRANDEIS SAID

Democracy in any sphere is a serious undertaking. It substitutes self-restraint for external restraint. It is more difficult to maintain than to achieve. It demands continuous sacrifice by the individual and more exigent obedience to the moral law than any other form of government. Success in any democratic undertaking must proceed from the individual. It is possible only where the process of perfecting the individual is pursued. His development is attained mainly in the processes of common living.

AN INTERNATIONAL JUROR'S WIFE

DEAR CARNEGIE:

My husband and I . . . take back to New York a delightful memory . . . of a city of hills and rivers, of fire, of tall smokestacks and towers that the genius and energy of an industrious people have made one of the great wonders of the world. A painter's city, surely, with the terrific beauty of the Apocalypse.

—JOSEPHINE HOPPER  
[MRS. EDWARD]

THE SOUL OF DEMOCRACY

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this Continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN,  
"Gettysburg Address"

FAITH

Without faith there can be no good faith.

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

A PROTEST

The Trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, in common with civilized peoples everywhere, are deeply shocked by the horrible results of aerial bombings during the hostilities now being waged and which have been waged in recent years, and cannot fail to record their solemn protest against the massacre en masse from the air of innocent men, women, and children, and the wanton destruction of private property of a nonmilitary character.

## THE DIFFERENCES

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

*Director, Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute*



THE opening of the Carnegie International this year brought back to me keenly memories of other such occasions when Guillaume Lerolle, our French representative, was with us, and of a year ago when Arnold

Palmer, our English representative, was present. These men are two members of our little European staff who, with Charlotte Weidler, Margaret Palmer, and Ilario Neri, for so long have formed a tiny International club that knows no difficulties of boundaries or language. They seek only to help keep alive one of the great creative arts lest all creative things of the mind slump to extinction. For even in this, the most grim of times, we cannot dwell constantly on tragedy, wherefore combinations of line and color—which is painting—and music, literature, and the drama furnish an increasingly essential playground in this present-day madhouse.

Through all my European wanderings I have never met up with national animosity in the field of art. The struggle of art is a different struggle, the struggle between ignorance and culture. Even as Beethoven and Gounod, Dürer and Rembrandt, Goethe and Shakespeare belong to every one of us, through the centuries, who knows but what hanging in our galleries, waiting for encouragement these bitter days, is the work of some painter who will belong to posterity. So the more because the leaders of the world are fighting must we continue to hold up our banner of visual esthetics.

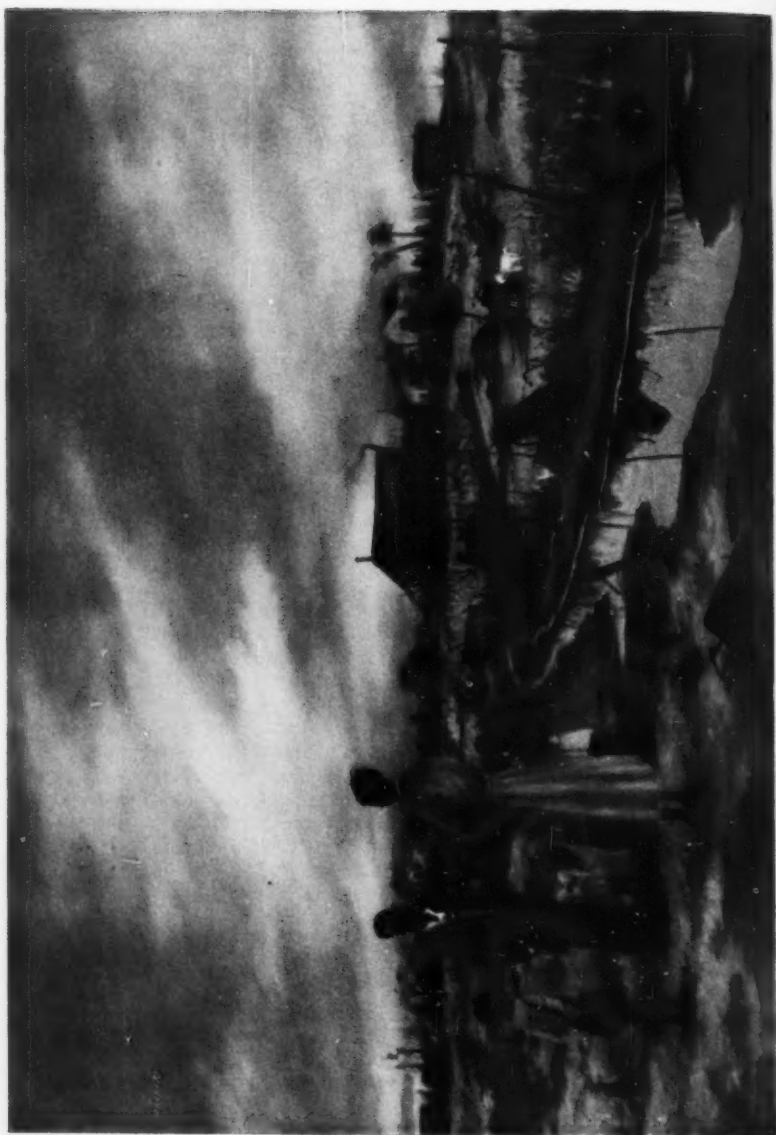
It bears a complicated pattern does that banner. There is an ancient tale told of a French deputy who in a debate insisted that women should be taxed the same as men because women were no different from men. To which his opponent remarked, "Excuse me, but there is a difference." Whereat, if you please, the whole Chamber rose up and yelled, "Cheers for the difference!"

That should be the motto of our show.

These days comes to Pittsburgh an out-of-town public containing the leading artists, art critics, amateurs, and dealers, a public interested more in the differences of various pictorial points of view than in their similarities. This public is intrigued by the fact that the United States paints in one form, let us say like Georgina Klitgaard; and that France, with a man like Fernand Leger, paints in another form. This show is created to give the public the information needed to pass judgment adequately on these differences.

We gather together these differences at the cost of a deal of detailed labor, plus a certain amount of luck. The balancing of the lists, the settling on who shall be included to represent what, and who left out require discussion back and forth across the Atlantic. Yet even when once we know whom we want our troubles only begin, for right up to the last moment we are faced with the usual number of previous sales by artists and of their dodgings, duckings, and genuine mistakes.

In all my eighteen years at this task I have never been able to lay down an unchangeable set of rules of conduct except that the "visiting-fireman" touch is needed both for the morale of the painter and to give us a feel of the situation. But with all our personal petting, paintings that appear certain



GEORGIA JUNGLE, BY ALEXANDER BRADY (American)

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go sour on the artist and never turn up. Or contrariwise, the fact that a painter gets into a row with a dealer while Lerolle and I are in the dealer's gallery allows us to sneak off with a well-known canvas. Routine letters of introduction and diplomatic influence break down nine times out of ten. A bunch of posies here or a meal there or the fact that I can induce the chief engineer of the New York Fair to put an artist on a roof where he can paint the King and Queen does the picture-getting trick. We acquire headaches in this task, fun, and night work. We are fishing. Sometimes we find a minnow on the end of our line, sometimes a whale.

To sort out from these differences so assembled what is best in our show was the task of our jury of award.

To think of these men individually: Gerald Brockhurst represented the Royal Academy, the old guard. Certainly Brockhurst on this occasion had before him that ancient problem, "When is a painter not a painter?" A while ago Herbert Meyer told me of having been a witness at a trial where the first question the cross-examining lawyer asked was, "Are you an artist?" "Yes," says Meyer. Whereat the lawyer held a short whispered conversation with one of his confreres which ended with the remark, "Not necessarily."

Hipólito Hidalgo de Caviedes is a leader of serious youth in Spanish painting; mature youth, I happen to know, in the face of the lamentable fact that so much of young painting transforms itself into such a sideshow of adolescent extravaganza that when an up-to-the-minute old maid asked one of the tried leaders of English art, Augustus John, "Whom are you watching now?" John answered, "I am watching myself, with considerable anxiety."

Eugene Speicher says to us through his painting that we need standards of excellence and a self-disciplined training that appeals to taste.

Edward Hopper possesses an art filled with friendliness, restraint, and peace. His work, though, is not of the old

school. There is no use hoping that we can go back to the past. Modern precepts in art as in everything else must be re-cut to meet modern needs, if we do not wish to become dowdy minded.

Now the task of this jury was a difficult one, for it is a bit of a mystical maze that we wander through in our search for this indispensable superfluity called contemporary painting; which after all is but a long, continuous re-interpretation of our unstable and generally inefficient philosophy of life.

We should always remember that when society becomes too regimented or stereotyped the art of that society decays and dies. Yet individuality does not mean undisciplined individuality. So we should also properly resent the slogan of much contemporary painting which these days cries out: be yourself, express yourself, think only of yourself, serve yourself, take for yourself, and the public be damned. Benjamin Franklin once wrote that the leap of the whale up the falls of Niagara was one of the greatest spectacles in Nature. Franklin was born too soon. The greatest spectacle in Nature is those pictorial calisthenics fashioned on the theory that we should move from reverence for common feelings to curiosity for uncommon feelings under stress or disease.

In the midst of all this furor, then, the jury took a deal of pains about their work. Here is a letter typical of the artist's frame of mind on such a task as this, written me by that fine painter, Charles Burchfield:

At first it seemed hopeless to try and sift the things out, but after a while I began to find my favorites, and be able to pass by the ones that were meaningless to me, without irritation. I believe it is human nature to seek out only the disagreeable pictures, the ones we can feel superior to, and laugh at; and perhaps it takes a conscious effort to do the opposite. It seems to me that long ago Robert Henri said that he got something out of even the worst pictures. But I find that with a little determination one can go through a large exhibit and find the painters who speak a language you love and can understand. Certainly the contributions of Hofer, Utrillo, Vlaminck, Laufman, McFee, Speicher, Hopper, Mattson, Dali (no kidding!) and Roy, to mention only a few, made our long drive worthwhile. Seeing

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

the Carnegie International each Fall is one habit I am not worried about.

Thinking along these lines, then, the jury gave the first prize to Alexander Brook. Brook's scene is simple enough, one of Negroes standing in a muddy waste before a dilapidated shack. What intrigued the jury in the canvas was the style with which the picture is painted, the quality of the sky and of the land. Brook was not tempted to make his art a thing of fashion for the ultrarespectable. He had no stereotyped formulas. He was wholly interested in showing how the rarely noticed simple forms of life are affected by light, shape, and color.

A very different result, however, was that produced by Yasuo Kuniyoshi, who won the second prize. Many visitors say when they look at this painting, "What on earth is it all about?" That is just what Kuniyoshi would wish.

A like philosophy is true of Marc Chagall, who won third prize. Chagall brims with that mystic type of imagination that arouses but never satisfies all the curiosity of the erudite. This is easy enough, because he cheerfully admits he draws a confusion of forms that are full

of symbolism which even he himself fails to understand.

Chagall and Kuniyoshi have much in common. Since photography and the moving pictures have largely satisfied the public's appetite for a certain interpretation of an actual scene which painting has concerned itself with for centuries, these two men have searched for a new reason for existence, a reason that is largely abstract in the sense that music is abstract. Moreover, aside from their abstract composition, their design, and the tonal value of their colors, they deliberately mystify you so that you will never get the rights of it any more than you get the rights of last night's dream. Art after all has no end. So a painting must come to us as a surprise; the more sophisticated the audience the more complicated that surprise.

The distinction between prizes and honorable mentions is not existent. The distinction between the work of the two men I have just mentioned and Mariano Andreu, who won first honorable mention, is obvious. For the sophisticated Spaniard, Andreu, in his much-tended house off the Avenue Bois



LAY FIGURE—1938  
By YASUO KUNIYOSHI (American)  
Second Prize of \$600



de Bloigne in Paris, has taken his art from classic sources to create new experiences both emotional and esthetic.

The next three honorable mentions went to relatively young men. Raphael Soyer, born in Russia, came early to New York to grow up among the scenes and people he portrays today. He is a leader of a group who paint the life around them with sympathy, dignity, and sincerity. Aaron Bohrod is a vigorous interpreter of the American way of life. Ernest Fienic came from the German Rhineland to develop in New York work that is objective and without sentimentality.

Maurice Brianchon, who won the Garden Club prize, is a fastidious, thoughtful creator who has consistently worked his way into prominence in French art circles.

All this and a lot more should be borne in mind by those who in their turn judge the jury's choice. For example, the public should remember the need of jurymen divorcing their personal from their official tastes.

A personal opinion may well cleave to the American, Everett Warner, or to the Englishman, Paul Nash, both of whose paintings came up for honors. Those different personal opinions naturally depend on a person's habits. For we forget that while the love impulse, or the money impulse, or the male's desire to fight is sufficiently strong, yet the greatest impulse of all is habit impulse. Certainly we are each and every one of us entitled to these personal opinions bred of these personal habits. But whether we like Warner or Nash, those opinions are of no importance to most other persons.

Hold in mind the story of the maiden lady in the zoo who asked a keeper if the object in the tank before her was a male or a female hippopotamus. To which the keeper replied, "Madam, that can only be of interest to another hippopotamus."

Beyond our personal opinion, though, lies a wider opinion which concerns itself with the matter of deciding whether

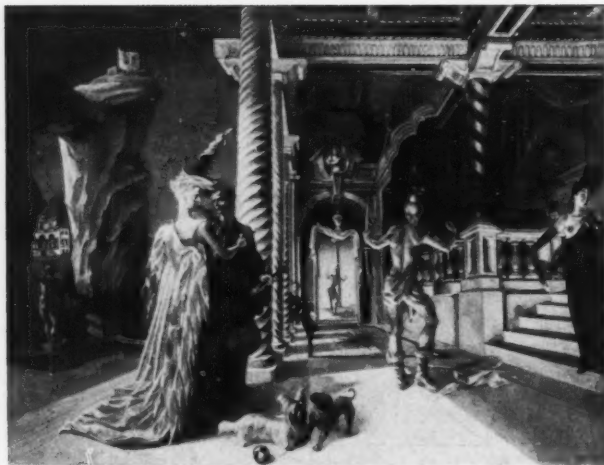


THE BETROTHED

By MARC CHAGALL (French)

Third Prize of \$500

this or that picture is a good or a bad picture in its relation to all the many forms of contemporary painting. At once the problem changes. Before passing on the soundness of our own judgment when it comes to such a question, we must ask ourselves what we know about a painting for which we have personally little sympathy. Then most of us must admit to ourselves that we have never spent ten minutes looking at this type of painting, that we have rarely read opinions written by persons who do like this type of painting, that we have not the faintest idea of what persons have purchased it, that we cannot tell in what public collections it is hung, that we do not know a thing about the painter's honors and awards, and, more than anything else, we have not considered whether or no within its limitations the painting is done with style.



THE DUEL WITH ONE'S SELF  
BY MARIANO ANDREU (Spanish)  
First Honorable Mention with Prize of \$400

Yet this last consideration is important. William Dean Howells once called the late Leonard Merrick the "writers' writer." That was a perfect illustration of the fact that professionals in any art are more interested in the style—that is, the way a thing is done—than the contents—that is, what is being done. The men who have won the prizes in the Carnegie International are painters' painters. While they may not meet with popular approval they uphold the standard of technique which, when we apply it to more popular pictures, maintains the esthetic quality of painting as a whole.

All this did this jury bear in mind as they sorted over their material.

Naturally our material comprises academic painting. We have a group of the representatives of this school in each of our national sections. There are such as Daniel Garber in America. There are such as Philipp Franck in Germany.

I am still in the process of straightening out for myself the philosophy of a modern painter. My counsel is tolerance. As paintings are painted for many purposes, and as we cannot always

understand the desires of the folk across the seas, we should continue to be patient though bewildered.

In turning specifically to the national sections, we will begin with our own land. We possess both defects and virtues.

Our most glaring shortcoming lies in the fact that many of our bright young things these days heap on the psychology and propose

that we enjoy their song of social propaganda even if it is also an uncorrelated, noisy, commonplace impression of disorganized ingenuity.

Aside from this group, though, there are many painters in our land with a serious diversity of production. We should not be cross if we fail to understand them all. Let me illustrate one complication by moving into the realm of music. Last spring I listened to Toscanini conducting the Overture to Manfred. To me the result was not objectionable, simply a kindly burst of toneful supererogation. For me the score had too much harmony and too little theme.

Just this obtains in many latter-day pictures. Anybody but slightly understanding of painting as I am of music seeks a deal of theme, and little harmony; because theme—which in painting is subject—is easy to grasp, and harmony—which means a refinement of color and value and line—is appreciated only after long association.

I fail to see, though, why the man in the street should not be allowed, when he wishes, to accept good harmony as fundamental and then, in addition, to



make that quality interesting to him, ask the painter also for subject. I fail to see less reason for men to enjoy subject in pictures than in drama.

Subject, fortunately, can always vary, and certainly we have in addition to our tonal painters other fine artists who can give us subject as well. For example, John Carroll has subject. He tells us fairy tales.

Such considerations of present-day art as these are not peculiar to our land alone, for conditions are much the same on the other side of the Atlantic, where on my journey this year I went first to Italy.

I found our Italian representative, Ilario Neri, moaning: "We have in Italy only five or six good artists. No more in other countries. But many painters we must care for because they form opinion."

Neri was thinking of a man like Felice Casorati. Neri's remark was true enough not only for Italy but everywhere else, because so much of art life, like many other forms of life, is turning soft. Moreover, I also agree with the rest of Neri's statement as to the need of taking care of a large group of artists who form an opinion. Neri had in mind especially a group in Italy greatly interested in psychology and mental states. Many of these prophets wander off into what they decide is pure emotion, forgetting that even an emotion must be an emotion about something.

On a more solid foundation,

however, is a mature Italian body who, having made its reputation, stands alert and technically proficient. I think of Gianni Vagnetti, Pietro Gaudenzi, and Ferruccio Ferrazzi for the Academicians; and for the more advanced men, Fausto Pirandello. Then of interest from Bologna we have Giovanni Romagnoli and Giorgio Morandi. That team always illustrates the difference between a painter and an artist. A painter is a man technically proficient. An artist is a man sensitive to refinements of color and form.

With them all, the Italian section is more rounded than that of last year. It has neither the "boy meets girl" kind of picture nor many of the latter-day horrors of the more modern superintellectuals. An intellectual is the very last thing an artist needs to be.

From Italy we made our way north to Germany.

In Germany I naturally found existing everywhere an atmosphere of unabated tension, wherein the decree that all youngsters are to be taken over by



BUS PASSENGERS

By RAPHAEL SOYER (American)  
Second Honorable Mention with Prize of \$300



DESERTED HOUSE, WYOMING

By AARON BOHRD (American)

Third Honorable Mention with Prize of \$200

the Nazi party at the age of ten has kicked downstairs art, music, philosophy, and the humanities. That veteran Carl Moll in his charming villa on the edge of the Grünewald philosophized to me on this decline. "Today we have forgotten the music of color"; he said, "we have discarded that intangible harmony that has no meaning; we have lost all intimacy in painting."

Largely, of course, German painting has always concerned itself with emotional and literary considerations. Yet the German section does not head only in one direction, though certainly when I was there it was no place for youthful innovation, with men of means so overlaid with taxes that private buying had disappeared. Of course, the older painters could depend to a degree for support on commissions for government murals given out by the Nazi political machine. But the younger men saw nothing for it but to turn despairingly to other means of existence. Yet in spite of all the misery and confusion, we can well take account of the group of three paintings from Karl Hofer, a leader of the intellectuals, and

at another set of three canvases from Franz Lenk, who produces gentle paintings of the Romantic School. With such men in mind it is easy to come away from Germany with cordial memories of its painters and their loyalty to their work in the midst of the most depressing surroundings.

German painters are not just victims of purely war psychosis. I think more of

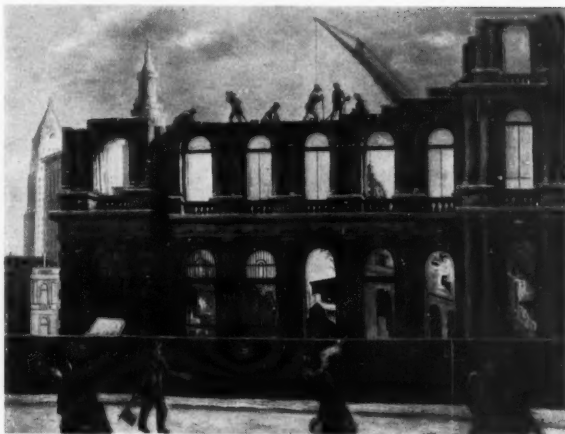
their gloom is engendered by the persistent tightening of restrictive rules and the lack of such simple things as iron and warm clothes. I mean that even cheerful young artists despaired when their wives found that coffee or eggs or oranges or bananas or ham for Easter



MRS. CONSTANT LAMBERT

By GERALD L. BROCKHURST  
(English Member of the Jury)

were either nonexistent or involved waiting for hours in line. Though if they wanted to do it another way, they could generally bootleg what they desired by also buying two bottles of Schnapps at the local grocery store. I mean that an academic painter we all know had a bout with the black soldiers who rummaged through his house and smashed his pictures; whereat he sent his drawings to another artist friend for safekeeping and sent them in boxes that looked as though they contained furniture. I mean that a professor in a fine old art school was to lose his job because two of his pupils became a bit obstreperous in the painting line and consequently were sent to toe the mark in a munitions factory.



RAZING OLD NEW YORK POST OFFICE

By ERNEST FIERNE (American)

Fourth Honorable Mention with Prize of \$100

Let us turn to a situation more pleasant, to the English, to the Royal Academy, the one big London show that each year hospitably admits to its walls at least seven hundred "outsiders," they call them, like R. O. Dunlop or Doris Zinkeisen. From the Academy we borrowed the work of such Academicians as the portrait painters, Reginald Eves and Thomas Dugdale; the figure painters, Harold and Laura Knight; the painters of interiors, like Frederick Elwell; the landscape painters like their fine treasurer, Sydney Lee.

From the other side of the fence, from the purlieus of the smart set who look down their noses at the Academy, we have Ivon Hitchens with a colorful abstract group of gay colored flowers. Then, too, with our yearning to be counted among the intelligentsia, we include Duncan Grant with his white-haired companion, Vanessa Bell. Picking pictures from them was not easy, as their entire year's work in the south of France, tied to their automobile with a piece of twine, had dropped off somewhere between Marseilles and Paris.

Already under the shadow of war, England was just England. One day I had occasion to telephone the Tate Gal-



FARM NEWS

By EUGENE SPEICHER

(American Member of the Jury)

lery, only to find that the Tate's number was not listed because "there are so many people calling us up that we just cannot be bothered."

As always, our final land last spring was France.

Of course, our European representative, Guillaume Lerolle, hung his gas mask on his bookcase and Pierre Roy laid sand bags at the head of his stairs. Still, the Parisians, having lived next the volcano of war for so many years, had made their preparations, and thereafter, for all the turmoil, promoted their art, with the various Parisian cliques everlastingly carrying on their discussions as to the rights and wrongs of their fantastic or sober schools.

There is the dashing type of painting as exemplified by Maurice de Vlaminck. It is done in an afternoon. There is the

kind of painting which results from infinite pains. I am thinking of the work of Bernard Boutet de Monvel. While advocates of each one of these schools decry the others, I must say I enjoy them both so long as they are carried by colorful imagination as far as the nature of the technique recommends. A painting is like a gesture. It can be a quick, free gesture such as Adrienne Jouclard makes, a wave of the hand as when you pass a friend in an automobile. Or it can be that careful gesture that we make to a new hitherto unfathomable acquaintance. Yves Tanguy, the surrealist, does just this.

The two most violently opposed camps are controlled on the one hand by the combined salons of the Artistes Françaises and the Nationale, which produce painters of the Eugène Narbonne type, and on the other hand by the art dealers who line the Rue de la Boétie and develop such new ones as Edmond Heuzé.

Though all of us cannot agree with one another as to the merits of these varying extremes, still we all can genuinely admire the strength of French leaders, which is the reason that this year we led off our French section with a one-man show by André Derain.

To digest the gamut of French opinion behind Derain, as usual we started off with the Salons. I wished for a bicycle, as we selected here and there from the huge halls of the Grand Palais men like

Gregory Gluckmann or Louis Biloul, who are so wholly the opposite of those long-haired youngsters who drink their "demi blondes" on the sidewalk before the "Dome" café in Montmartre.

Next we went over to those artistic "new dealers" who congregated in the Salon des Tuileries. They are represented by such as Edmond Ceria, Valentine Prax, and their vice president, Orthon Friesz, who was on our jury of award last year.

Then from the Rue de la Boétie group we include André Dunoyer de Segonzac and Pierre Bonnard. Bonnard looked a bit shaken when we met. He



HELENA

By HIPÓLITO HIDALGO DE CAVIEDES  
(Spanish Member of the Jury)

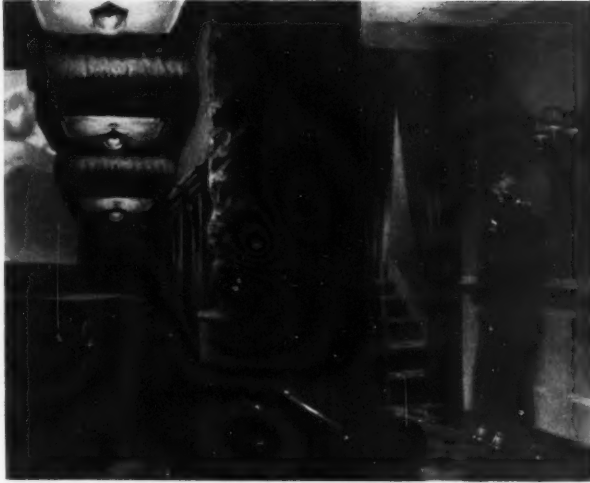
had been recently struck by an automobile which broke his leg. He cheered up considerably during our visit, however, while he spread out his pictures, unstretched, on the floor. His lady dachshund came in most excited. I felt nervous. Not Bonnard. "C'est l'émotion," says he.

Finally, to meet the vicissitudes of the troubled world, we organized this year a group of international painters. These eight

Spaniards, six Germans, four Russians, three Italians, two Poles, one Czechoslovakian, one Englishman, and one Dutchman are men who for various reasons work in lands other than their own.

The Spanish group leads off with Pablo Picasso. He was making colored prints when last we met in a shop by the head of the funicular that mounts up to where the nurses air their children at the foot of "Sacre Coeur." Picasso's surroundings were covered with ink and acid, but he aimed to please, as usual. He is not the unapproachable little eccentric the public seems to imagine. When he is sure that it will not lead to ensuing complications he steps over with you to the local café for a vermouth.

As for the other Spaniards, I am amazed at their lack of venom and their ability to laugh off their assorted tragedies, as does Hermengildo Anglada y Camarasa. He lived last spring in a tiny room in a sad hotel on the side of Montmartre. The Franco regime had confiscated his money, securities, and paintings. His home and his garden in Mallorca were long ago requisitioned as German barracks. With his wife and



NEW YORK MOVIE, BY EDWARD HOPPER

(American Member of the Jury)

daughter he reached the border with not a cent in his pocket, after nine days of wandering between Barcelona and the Pyrenees. Yet he could smile and tell a humorous yarn or two, while his five-year-old child drew us sketches of Barcelona being bombed.

"Our mothers think of the past," another Spaniard, Joan Miro, told me. "Our children think of the future. We think only of the present." Miro, for all his kindergarten pictures, is a tidy little man who handles his own productions with a fascinating preciosity.

With our ex-Germans, too, we have all kinds, far too many like Gert Wollheim starving to death in Paris.

For the Italians we have Corrado Cagli, one-time leader of the Roman younger set. There used to be trouble in seeing Cagli, for Rome never stops digging up the ruins and sewers on the back side of the Capitoline Hill where he lived, a constant sacrifice of romance for archeology, odor, and weird traffic regulations. This time, though, Cagli as a non-Aryan had moved to Paris where I ran him down in an accessible though smelly pension. On the other hand, there is in this section work by men



1939 JURY OF AWARD FOR THE CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL

*Seated, left to right:* EUGENE SPEICHER, New York City; HIPÓLITO HIDALGO DE CAVIEDES, Madrid; EDWARD HOPPER, New York City; GERALD L. BROCKHURST, London.  
*Standing:* HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS, Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute.

like Filippo De Pisis, the Italian who has long lived in Paris from choice and who paints quite spottily while his parrot tickles his chin in his seven-story attic.

For the White Russians we have Pierre Ino, who feels that in his dream pictures there should always be the love of humanity and the possibility of an existing God. According to Ino, "The eye gets used to any kind of painting. So we must be careful not to fall into a groove these days and paint modern style."

Only Wassily Kandinsky possesses cheerful surroundings. From Kandinsky came a sentimental mauve abstraction. He is a chuckling, eye-glassed, neat college professor man. Up in a new-fangled apartment with a lovely view over the Seine he grinds his own colors between a Martini bottle and a Tanagra statuette. He will keep you there all the afternoon explaining how he developed from an impressionistic academic painter into the creator of something related to musical harmonies with nothing to do with our surroundings. It came about, it appears, by his eventually realizing a fact that a greater portion of the time we only see parts of things, and much of the rest of the time we see a whole lot of things together.

We said good-bye to Kandinsky in

his sitting room of well-mixed Eastlake bureaus, modern abstractions, spring rockers, and china cats. He said the sole requirement needed to keep a flat like that together is good taste.

Good taste, someone once remarked, is just a matter of becoming bored by too much trash. There is a lot of trash in contemporary art as in everything else. By the same token there is a lot of fine work in contemporary art. The only way to discriminate properly between the two is to keep away from art books, gallery docents, and lecturers. We talk too much about pictures. Conversely, we spend far too little time looking at pictures. Because the main value of artists, with all their variegated grammar, is not to show us what is familiar but to show us what we never thought of looking at ourselves.

In the Pittsburgh International there are paintings for persons interested in art to approve. There are paintings for persons interested in art to disapprove. We who bring this show together feel that this is right and proper. If, however, someone who follows our exhibitions carefully should tell us that on being questioned about a certain well-known contemporary artist he had to confess ignorance because the artist's work had never been included in the International, that would hurt.



## "GO TO THE ANT"

*New Glass Insects in the Museum*

BY ANDREY AVINOFF

*Director, Carnegie Museum*

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise!" These words of the ancient prophet-king not only echo the wisdom of age-old proverbs but they contain, in the present state of human society imperiled as it is by fresh disturbances, a timely challenge as well. By considering the ways of the ant we can certainly learn a few helpful lessons in the virtues of industry, co-operation, courage, and devotion to duty.

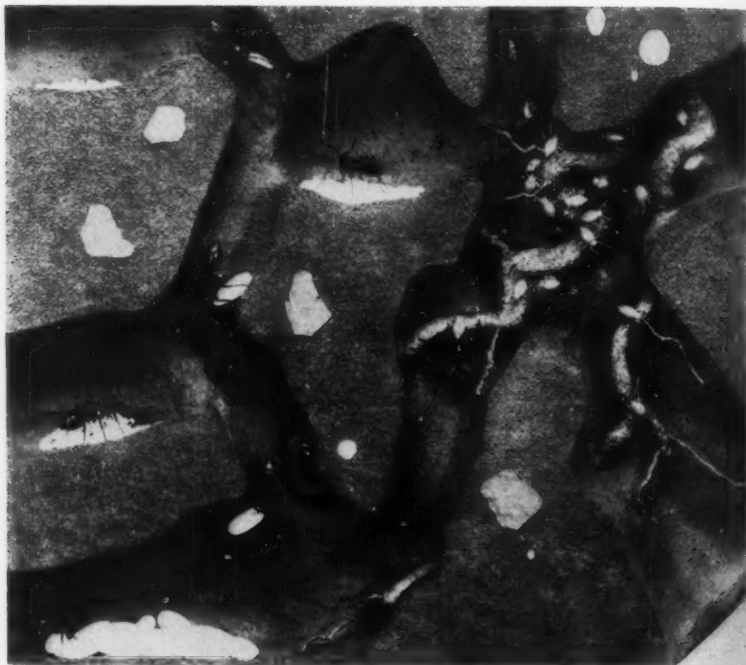
The new exhibit in the entomological gallery of the Carnegie Museum re-enacts three scenes in the busy and amazing life of the ant. Belonging to the same general division of the insect world as the family of bees and wasps, this group of insects has reached the pinnacle of perfect social organization among living things. This pinnacle might be contested by the second-best group in the art of well-organized society—namely, the termites, those ingenious kinsfolk of the homely cockroach—but as far as elaboration and variety of collective functions are concerned, the ant is the champion of versatile efficiency in a social system that endured for many millions of years before the advent of mankind. It would be entirely futile to attempt a description of even the most fundamental aspects in the organization of ant communities within the scope of a brief article. Allusions can only be made to some of the most striking features, for the literature on this subject is enormous.

Among American authors, reference should be made to the enlightening contributions of the late Professor W. H. Wheeler, who devoted his lifelong efforts and brilliant scholarship to the study of ants. The more deeply scientists penetrate into the details of

ant life, the more amazing and baffling become their findings. A panorama of a strange world unfolds itself before the observer. Ants are equally efficient in peaceful occupations and in war. Their nests, honeycombed with labyrinths of galleries, passages, subterranean chambers, and complicated superstructures are veritable cities teeming with intense activities and governed by faultless order.

The foundation of a community is laid by the queen, who loses her wings after the nuptial flight and settles as the matriarch of the whole forthcoming population. Different castes of individuals are produced, specifically adapted for their direct functions. While the queen raises with her own efforts the larvae of the original brood, the first generation of workers, upon reaching maturity, takes charge of feeding her and the rest of the colony. In an ant colony there are several specialized castes. The structure of the workers differs from the anatomical equipment of the warriors, who are provided with powerful jaws and pugnacious dispositions as befit the defenders of the stronghold. The workers attend to all needs of the household, including the digging of intricate corridors, and the gathering of food.

As depicted in the nursery and "cattle-ranch" group, in the various chambers are kept the young ants, which pass through the regular stages of eggs, larvae, and pupae. The immature brood is attended by the nurses, who among their many tasks must observe that the right temperature and degree of humidity is maintained in the galleries as is necessary for the normal development of the young. The whole batch of eggs, larvae, or pupae is accordingly carried

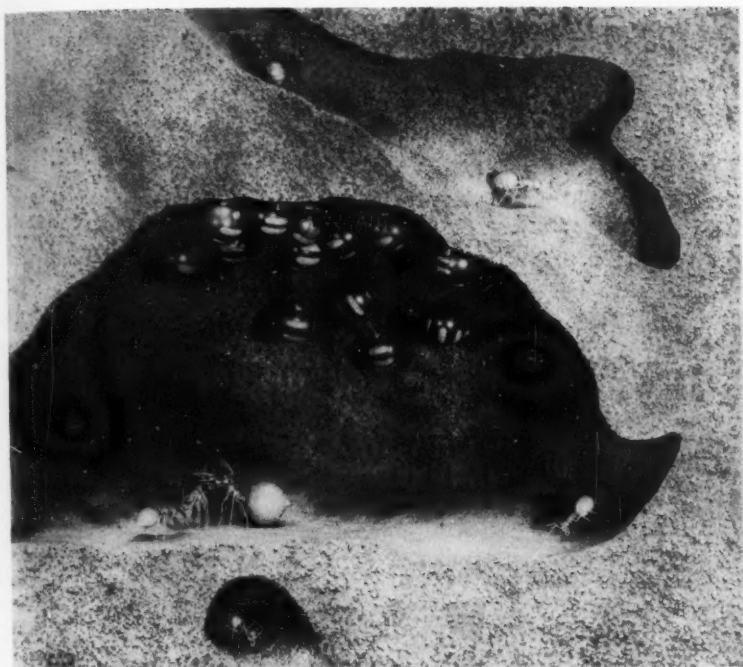


CROSS-SECTION OF THE NURSERY AND "CATTLE RANCH" OF THE ANTS

from one compartment to another for proper air conditioning of the nursery, in accordance with the changes of weather outside and the state of moisture in the nest. But ants not only attend to the needs of their own kind; certain species raise their own cattle—diminutive insects kept in captivity for the sake of their ability to produce a sweet secretion much relished by their masters. They mostly belong to the family of plant lice that were aptly called by Linnaeus, the father of modern natural history, "ant dairy cattle." Carefully raised from the egg, they are provided with appropriate pastures either on roots cleared for this purpose in the subterranean galleries, or are kept grazing on grass blades and branches that are often protected by the shelter of weatherproof galleries specially constructed by the ants.

Equally astounding is the proficiency

of certain ants in cultivating mushrooms that are grown in subterranean galleries in abundant spongelike clusters as food for the colony. The fungus develops in ways that are not customary for related species in normal conditions. It is assumed that certain peculiarities of the plant have developed through the influence of cultivation and selection on the part of the ants. These mushroom forms do not show the peculiar characteristics of kohlrabi heads unless the culture is attended by the ants in their subterranean haunts. The continuity in cultivating mushrooms is another astounding detail of the life of ants of this particular group. The queen who founds the colony carries with her a pellet of earth from the mushroom garden of her origin. This spore-bearing particle is laid as the foundation of a new garden that is cultivated with the same care as the incipient colony. In order to assure



CROSS-SECTION OF THE HONEY ANTS IN THE GARDEN OF THE GODS IN COLORADO

the growth of the fungi the queen does not hesitate to crush a goodly number of eggs to provide the fertile soil needed for the spreading of the mycelium. It should be mentioned that in an ant nest the fungi are never permitted to attain the state of a fullgrown mushroom, but are kept artificially in a spongelike state. A fully developed fungus garden is usually cultivated with the help of cut leaves which provide the nutrition for the mushroom plant.

Leaf-cutting ants may be seen in the underbrush of tropical forests marching, column after column, with their loads almost entirely covering their bodies. Such orderly formations look like a stream of moving foliage, recalling the march of Birnam wood, and oddly enough, this procession is interspersed now and then by totally unrelated insects that only keep company with the ant at this time and display a

unique mimicry. The tree hoppers in question have a flat leaflike body with jet-black feet simulating to perfection the combined aspect of the ant laborer and his load on the top. This is but one of the sidelights of ant life, which abounds in bizarre instances and associations of unrelated species.

Other species of ants are expert harvesters, collecting, cleaning, and hoarding seeds. Supplies of ant agriculturists are an alluring booty for invaders. War among ants is not an infrequent occurrence, and whenever it is waged, it rages with an utmost ferocity on the part of the invaders and with equal courage on the part of the defenders. The most amazing angle in the concentrated collective actions of the ant is an extraordinary sense of communication. In some unaccountable way the information of approaching danger and its location spreads with lightning

speed and regulates joint action. As illustrated on this page, the marauders loot not only the provisions but take possession of the young ants and raise them in slavery. The warlike red ants, called "Amazons," are known for their frequent fierce raids on the nests of the rather sluggish black ants, who become their slaves and perform all the household duties in the nest, including every personal attention to the masters.

Besides slaves, certain ant colonies also may occasionally harbor castes and outsiders belonging to other insect groups that are tolerated for special advantages derived by the hosts. Some of the guests are not only barely tolerated but persecuted by the hosts and nevertheless manage to stay in hostile surroundings. Altogether about two thousand kinds of insects are known to enjoy a welcome or forced hospitality of ants. For instance, certain caterpillars make their homes in anthills and feed with impunity on the young ones of their landlords. The price of such license is the saccharine juice secured

from the external glands of the body of the alien insects and gathered as food and a delicacy by the masters of the nest.

Honey dew obtained from glands of insects of various orders and from oak galls may be stored for future use in unique ways. Some of the individuals shown in the honey-ant group have been turned into living containers which correspond functionally to the cell of the beehive. Certain workers are designated to become animated jars for nectar, on which they are gorged, with the assistance of other workers, to the point of a spherical distension. In an almost motionless state, such living bottles—technically called "repletes"—are suspended from the ceiling of the chamber like so many flasks of Italian chianti in a cellar. In response to the tapping by the antennae of their thirsty and more active comrades, the nectar is released "on call" through regurgitation.

The endurance of ants is truly extraordinary; their industry is indefatigable. Their physical strength is prodigious as compared with human



THE WAR OF THE RED AND BLACK ANTS

standards. They can easily carry loads many times their own weight and are capable of hoisting or dragging much heavier objects or overpowering insects of far larger size than themselves.

The list of professions among ants—including architects, artisans, soldiers, slave-owners, cattle-raisers, harvesters, gardeners, and brewers—would not be complete without mentioning their ingenuity in using a sewing machine and a living one at that. It is known that adult insects never produce silk; only in the larval stage are they endowed with such a capacity. This aptitude of the ant larvae is utilized by the mature ants, who carry their babies along the edges of leaves that must be sewn together. By a timely squeeze and deft manipulation of the animate sewing tool, they produce an efficient piece of work as secure and neat as a fabric produced by the shuttle of a weaver. Thus we see that the ants have developed their society through successive stages that may be described as hunting, pastoral, and agricultural, and have paralleled human civilization in being the only other living creatures who succeeded in domestication of plants and other animals. They have even become capable of using a species of tools which are considered a prerogative of human inventiveness alone.

Altogether the ant society operates with an almost mechanical perfection, each member of the community being confronted with an individual situation that is solved in accordance with circumstances. This keen instinct, not based on any practice or training—since every ant colony has to start anew—is particularly astonishing and seems to be on the borderland of a higher faculty which we hesitate to call intelligence since we wish to preserve that as an exclusive monopoly of mankind.

The new habitat groups in the Museum show the nursery and the "cattle ranch" of the ants, the war of the red and black ants, and the cellar with living kegs of the honey ants in the Garden of the Gods in Colorado. In

order to illustrate plainly these scenes of the ant world, the insects themselves and the whole setting were enlarged ten times. The insects are skilfully modeled in glass by Frank Long; the ground work and accessories were planned and executed by G. A. Link Jr., assisted by his brother John Link, and O. F. von Fuehrer, who painted the background in one of the groups. Another series of similar habitat settings have been planned to illustrate other wonders of the insect world, besides depicting the life cycle of bees, wasps, and termites.

## PROGRAMS FOR CHILDREN

**B**EGINNING November 4 free motion pictures for children will be shown every Saturday until the end of March at 2:15 o'clock in the Carnegie Lecture Hall. This year four lectures will be given in connection with the motion pictures. On November 4 Joseph Tilton, world traveler, will tell of a trip to Malaya. He will illustrate his talk with motion pictures that he took. The other lectures will take place on December 2, February 3, and March 2. The lecturers for these programs will be announced later.

On this same date the Carnegie Museum will resume its other activities for children. The Junior Naturalists Clubs will meet at ten o'clock each Saturday morning in the Children's Museum. Membership in these clubs is open to any boy or girl between the ages of six and sixteen who is interested in the study of natural history.

The Museum Nature Hobby Club has already resumed activities. The Especially Gifted Nature Class will hold its first meeting on Saturday morning, November 4.

The weekly story hour of the Boys and Girls Department of the Carnegie Library has already begun. Each Saturday at 1:30 o'clock stories will be told in the Department. Any child who wishes to do so is cordially invited to attend.





## THE GARDEN OF GOLD



CHARLES F. LEWIS, Director of the Buhl Foundation, has conveyed the delightful news that that organization has appropriated to the Carnegie Institute of Technology a grant of \$50,000, payable at the rate of \$10,000 a year for five years, which will provide a course of advanced study in electrical engineering beyond the limits of the instruction now given in that department of scientific education.

The project has already been put into operation and, in commenting on it, President Robert E. Doherty remarked that engineers who are already well trained in the electrical field will take on a new pursuit of industrially useful research and study. After expressing his gratification for the Buhl gift, which makes the program possible, Dr. Doherty said:

"The Pittsburgh industrial community, indeed the entire country, needs more engineering scientists—men who have not only the usual undergraduate background in engineering theory and method, but, in addition, more profound understanding, more extensive scientific knowledge, and more highly cultivated analytical and creative powers. They are needed in industry to help solve the engineering problems that are growing progressively more complex; and equally important, they are needed, badly needed, as engineering teachers.

"Joining Carnegie Tech's faculty to direct the program is B. R. Teare Jr., formerly of the faculty of Yale University's School of Engineering. After graduation from the University of Wisconsin, where he earned his bachelor's and master's degrees, Dr. Teare joined the staff of the General Electric Company in 1929. In 1933 he was appointed to the faculty of Yale University, where he continued his studies, receiving the doctor of engineering degree."

The trustees of Carnegie Tech have

conveyed their grateful acknowledgments to the Buhl Foundation for this exceedingly useful and handsome gift.

A friend who wishes, as heretofore, to be unknown sends \$25 to the Tech Endowment Fund, the income to be added to other similar sums and used for chemistry research.

Then from Miss Mary Watson Green, Carnegie Tech's Dean of Women, comes a check for \$547.25, representing a gift to the 1946 Endowment Fund from the Women's Scholarship organization, which on the two-for-one arrangement with the Carnegie Corporation of New York is worth \$1,641.75.

And then—our students and our graduates! Their anxiety to see this money raised! Four millions by 1946 will bring eight millions from New York, the meaning of which is that this great school will then have in hand an additional endowment of \$12,000,000, yielding in normal times an annual income of \$600,000. The alumni have caught fire about it, and they are sending money every day up to the limit of their means to help swell this fund. Here are the latest lists of alumni contributors, who have sent in to the Garden of Gold \$945.75, making a total thus far from them of \$18,157.83:

Helen H. Bencker, Dorothy Harlow Bevins, John A. Cameron, Harold K. Cottrill, Robert G. Croyle, Dorothea DeMuth, Raymond H. Einstein, John L. Elliott, Harold C. Godden, Richard E. Holmes, Dwight W. Lewis, Jack E. McKee, George W. Maxwell, Mrs. J. Fisher Morz, David R. Pryde, Ellis Robertson, and William A. Smith.

William S. Bedell, Fred S. Bloom, Olive F. Bragdon, J. S. Charles, William A. Conwell, J. W. Dougherty, Priscilla A. Evans, W. M. Fencil, Jean Fire, Martha Potter Foster, John P. Fry, Mrs. Charles L. Garson Jr., Esther Graves Gribbin, Marion Hagerty, Alma Hiller,



## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

J. William Irwin, Roger A. Jensen, Mary Elizabeth Kenney, C. L. Knaak, Lois M. Laughlin, Millicent S. Leech, James J. Leonard, Margery Lewine Malsin, Charles F. Mason, D. L. Mathias, Charles A. McDade, Harry L. McKee, P. C. McKenzie, John C. Moore, Virginia Morgan Obrig, O. L. Pringle, Frances Rayburn, John S. Richards, Mildred Patton Scott, Lucille Servick, F. J. Staudt, E. S. Stockslager, Mrs. Arthur Stoeltzing, Harriet Stone, Mildred H. Tynberg, and Morton G. Winslow.

A. S. Andrews, Estelle Garibaldi Andrews, Mrs. T. G. Arnold, Rachel E. Beatty, C. C. Britsch, Wallace Burke, J. C. Cochrane, Gail Sellers Fettke, Robert S. Fish, M. L. Fisher, John W. Force, Richard M. Galbreath, Weston H. Gillett, Marjory C. Glassburn, Don T. Gleason, Samuel G. Haas, John W. Jones, R. N. Jones, Luella Kelly, H. Dorothy King, Elinor Kohn, A. D. Krummell, Miriam C. Kuehneisen, Robert R. Lockwood, Ruth Martsolf, R. F. Miller, C. A. Nimick, Rosalyn Scott O'Brien, John P. Paca, George M. Paulson, Jane Linderman Pritchard, Daniel H. Reed, Robert J. Reynolds, Earle S. Rodda, John L. Ross, Mary Alice Shields, Marguerite M. Shupp, Howard Leland Smith, Charles A. Smoyer, Helen Stewart, Lt. and Mrs. D. L. Trautman, Miriam A. Weikert, Joseph F. Weiler, Clara M. Werner, Louise A. Wunderlich, and Elizabeth M. Yagle.

George S. Blair, Eliza Dickey Blair, Joseph L. Cooke, Edythe Daugherty, William S. Deely, Gordon V. Durr, P. A. Edwards, Henry Elden, Mrs. James B. Finn Jr., Frances Schneider Flaherty, Fred Flaherty, Mark Gazzo, T. Barry Gotham, Grace L. Hershberger, H. H. Hook, R. W. Hurd, Kenneth M. Kirkland, Mrs. W. M. Kleibacker, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Klemmer, Mrs. H. G. McIlvried, Marie E. Metzger, Grace E. Patterson, William J. Phillips, Walter Reid, M. Adelaide Remington, Reginald Rowley, Helen M. Savard, Abraham Smith, Lester R. Smith, Karl

T. Stearns, A. N. Stratmoen, Merrill R. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Unzicker, J. Kenneth Walker, Jean Sloane Walker, Theron Wasson, and Fannie R. Woodside.

J. W. Barker, Grace L. Borgerding, Mrs. Harold S. Brownlee, Gertrude Gerheim Cameron, H. M. Cooley, Charles E. Crede, Marion C. Danforth, Mrs. J. G. Edmonds, Anna Farbotnik, C. R. Fleishman, Arthur W. Gittins, Robert H. Guyton, Wallis S. Hamilton, William G. Heltzel, F. Galen Hess, Wilma Heuser, Charles Hofer, Pansy E. Jones, Mrs. Tobias Kotzin, Ritchie Lawrie, R. F. Lunger, Adelaide M. McCloskey, Mary Alice James Miller, A. C. Minetti, Mrs. George Mohler, A. E. Moredock, Marion Lewis Murodoch, C. T. Patterson, Dorothy Pritchard, Helen A. Reitz, Paul V. Shaver, Rebecca E. Shiras, Henry M. Strauss, Paul E. Snyder, and George R. Watson.

Adding the cash gifts recorded above to the total that was reported in September, we have the following amounts in gifts, noted here individually since the inauguration of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE in April, 1927: for the Carnegie Institute \$1,260,231.49; for the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, \$34,379.12; and for the Carnegie Institute of Technology, \$1,543,426.65; or a grand total of \$2,838,037.26.

## CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK

**B**ook Week, the oldest living week, will celebrate its twenty-first anniversary this year from November 12 to 18. The slogan for this year is "Books around the World," opening up avenues of literature of all kinds—travel, adventure, biography, and romance—and the Boys and Girls Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh is celebrating the occasion with displays of posters and books that will make any child want to go around the world with stories. The Week will be brought to a happy conclusion at the regular Saturday afternoon story hour.



## "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

*Further Viewpoints on a Quarter Century of Drama  
Education at Carnegie Tech*



[These two articles conclude the reprints from the symposium in the July Theater Arts Monthly which celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Carnegie Tech Department of Drama.]

### THE BACKGROUND: THE FIRST PLAN AND THE GOAL

By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

*Playwright, Director, Poet, and Teacher*

IN the early days of President Hamerschlag's régime, Carnegie Tech was a place of bold experiment. Teaching there was an adventure. Hamerschlag had imagination—no one questioned that. He had shaped an industrial school, and added an engineering college and a college for women. When he included the fine arts, he took them in his stride. The century-long failure of the colleges to deal with the arts did not haunt his dreams for a moment—he had every intention of breaking new ground anyway; and he was not much more respectful to the methods of the established schools of art.

In 1913, he and Russell Hewlett, who was then Dean of the School of Applied Design, invited me to come to Carnegie Tech and work out a plan for a school of stagecraft. I took a long walk over the hills at Madison, thought it all over, and went to Pittsburgh with another scheme: not for a school of scenery and lighting, not for applied design in the narrower aspect, but for a school of the arts of the theater—something more comprehensive and more difficult. The idea appealed to Hamerschlag, and the initial difficulties were swept aside in an hour's conference.

"Come here and work on the curriculum," he said. "You ought to be able to start next winter—the theater will be built by that time."

Russell Hewlett died in November, and we were deprived of his sensitive and valuable advice; but he had already

agreed in principle. The technical side was fairly simple. The students were to learn the entire work of the theater by doing the entire work of the theater; it was merely a question of dividing the work into systematic courses.

But our experience and observation of art schools, and Hamerschlag's opinion of them, brought us up hard against the larger problem—the combination of the technical training with related work in the humanities. We were to give a Bachelor of Arts degree in Drama, which was revolutionary enough in itself. Hamerschlag was quite sure it was a proper thing to do, provided the students earned the degree within the meaning of the law, which was fairly explicit; but in earning the degree the student's time was not to be wasted.

We talked a good deal about educational theory, and for months I carried a paper curriculum in my pocket, and tried it on actors, playwrights, and dramatic critics. Otis Skinner spent hours over it, and his verdict was fairly typical—"It's all right, laddie, if you can make it work." In the main, it is still working, and the modest collegiate bulletin in which it was finally announced has found its way, with various modifications, into a good many university catalogues.

In February, 1914, we found ourselves in a palatial building devoted to the arts. Along the front were five niches, with Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Music, and Drama carved in the stone

over them. The building swarmed with students—musicians rebelling against every hour taken away from their instruments, painters clattering at any requirement that took them away from the model for "general studies," architects intent on the next Beaux Arts competition. This last was specially good for us. The architects loafed a week after each competition, and said they were thinking; then they went to work, and the last week of their assignment the lights in the drafting room burned far into the night. With plays, the situation was similar: the nearer the performance, the hotter the concentration; this is a natural factor in the game of production, but it is difficult to fit into the daily academic routine. The school of architecture also furnished our model in proportioning the time spent in the various fields—the curricula in painting and music were still in almost as experimental a state as our own. Our major stroke was to be in actual production—parallel to design for the architects.

Work began with a class of eighteen students. We took all who presented themselves with proper credentials, and on this account we learned about as much from them as they did from us; we learned what afterward turned out to be the most essential feature of the whole plan: that quality, talent, potential artistic power were the valuable ingredients—nothing else mattered half so much.

The next year we figured out how much it cost to teach one student—about five hundred dollars more than he paid in tuition fees. The immediate conclusion stared us in the face. We were spending five hundred dollars, betting it on the student's chances. He was betting his time. Obviously the bet should be coppered both ways. When we saw that, we became very particular. We put in the tryout. The whole department faculty worked a week on all the candidates, and began devising a series of tests which eventually became so efficient that we could

predict within ten per cent by the tryout ratings how the accepted students would stand at the end of their first year.

It was this rigorous tryout, more than any special efficiency in the teaching, that produced the high percentage of professional success in the early roster of students. We simply could not take the responsibility, or spend the Institute's money—we called it Mr. Carnegie's money in those days—on any student who did not show some clear promise of being useful in the theater. We made mistakes; some students turned out a lot better than we expected.

The experiment had little or no publicity. We were all surprised when the Boston Transcript sent Mr. Seldes, and the next year Mr. Motherwell, to write it up. The usual treatment in the Pittsburgh papers may be judged by the full text of a notice a year or so later:

Last night the Carnegie Tech Drama Department put on "The Pillars of Society," by H. Ibsen. It is a play about capital and labor.

We were in no danger of having the students' heads turned by publicity.

For the opening performance, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Donald Robertson came on as visiting director, and the painting department came down in squads to make the sets. Among them came Woodman Thompson, who was just graduating as an illustrator, and he stayed to be trained into a resourceful scene designer and executant. In those days the new stagecraft was a book by Gordon Craig and a gleam in Bobby Jones's eye. When we set a play, we set it, with occasional experiments, in scenery. Our budget was fairly generous for lumber, muslin, and paint; what we did with these items was our own business.

We undertook to keep the students busy, and this, owing to the essential inequality of parts in plays, meant a great many plays. There being no box-office—the charter of the institution gave it no right to go into the show business—and intelligent audiences being ours for the training, each play had

half a dozen performances. The students took acting as a natural part of the day's work; the hectic excitement of the single amateur performance was over, and they settled down with cool heads to the job of development, and the realization of another of Hamerschlag's objectives—making friends for the Institute in a city not normally too friendly to the Carnegie endowments. Hamerschlag called it making our contribution to the culture of the community, and that was as good a way to put it as any.

The emphasis on acting was automatic; in any theater, ours included, the employment load works out about twelve to one against scene designers, directors, and playwrights. I mean that each produced play employs a designer for four weeks or less, one director for four weeks, one or two playwrights for an indefinite period—usually shorter than it should be—and a dozen actors as long as the play holds the stage, the Broadway average last season being six weeks. Not to go into the mathematics, the inference is plain that the theater needs trained actors—assuming that they are better when trained. There is a sardonic note in our record—the percentage of directors among our alumni is far too great; there is a reason, but I need not go into it here.

The general studies, in the curriculum by academic requirement, were none too popular at first; they came in the morning, and rehearsal and performance ran late in the evening. But we were very fortunate in our faculty. When the students took Dramatic Literature with Haniel Long, they straightway began to experiment with poetry, dramatic or lyric as the individual temperament suggested. Harold Geoghegan could teach History of Costume with such precision as to make costume construction on authentic lines inevitable, and at the same time he could open vistas on the social history of the periods. Colette could teach French with echoes of Corneille and Racine behind it. English diction was another thing; Pittsburgh

has an accent all its own, and to break local accents down, we wore out a succession of patient and devoted English actresses.

As our objective was to teach, not what the student could learn in his first six weeks in stock—there were a good many stock companies then—but what he could not learn there, our choice of plays was inclusive. We put on a Greek tragedy every year, and always, on April twenty-third, a play of Shakespeare. The schedule was flexible; except for April twenty-third, we produced each play when it was ripe. An Ibsen item took a longer period of rehearsal than one of Howard Southgate's or Harry Hamilton's manuscripts. We ranged over the drama, ancient and modern, with the hopeful idea that all good fish were for our net.

This meant many styles of acting, and many different directors. After his first Shakespearean production, Donald Robertson came only for Molière. Douglas Ross took Shakespeare the second year, and after that the April date fell regularly to B. Iden Payne, who varied his activities to include Shaw, Galsworthy, and the Manchester group. Galsworthy himself came in on "The Silver Box," though Payne did the actual directing. I took the Greeks and Ibsen, and whatever plays and students were left over. Chester Wallace, who became a tower of strength to us, took a strong American line. I can't say we ever assumed much responsibility for the dramatic culture of the community—it was a by-product. We were really responsible to Hamerschlag only for getting results with our students.

There is truth in the adage that if art cannot be taught, it can be caught. All art schools are taught mainly by their student bodies. We were fortunate in that Charles Meredith, Frederic McConnell, Howard Southgate, Ted Viehman, Mary Blair, Lucy Barton, and Eula Guy set the pace early. By 1916, when William Poel came over to put on his production of "Poetaster," and to set up a counsel of perfection and

thoroughness such as we had never known, the group fairly glittered with promise. Iden Payne's "Richard II" put it on display in all its virility. The war threw us off for only a season. Carl Benton Reid, John A. Willard, William Franklin, Hubbard Kirkpatrick, Dorothy Raymond, and Mary Ricard were showing their quality; and there were others, equally talented, who have left the theater. Hardie Albright, Russell Collins, Norman Foster, and Arthur Lubin were in the next flight. Looking over any old program of the years just

before or just after the war, you find a list of active present-day actors, directors, designers, and a few playwrights. They worked together harder than they have ever worked since. Hollywood, Broadway, and the community theaters got them in the end.

With the rigorous tryout system we kept our numbers down—in my ten years at Tech we never had more than fifty in the Department at any one time. We worked intensively on chosen material. We can render to Arthur Hamerschlag a good account.

## THE FOREGROUND: AS IT STANDS TODAY

By HENRY BOETTCHER

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IN the frankness and directness with which it teaches the arts of the theater, Carnegie Tech's Department of Drama is still unconventional, although the inclusion of theater arts in a college curriculum has become a familiar practice in this quarter century. That the working methods of the department remain in broad outline unchanged is a tribute to the far-sightedness and clear vision of Thomas Wood Stevens and his associates in working out the first plan rather than a comment on the lack of imagination of his followers. For despite a somewhat increased enrollment and various changes in course requirements, the original plan—a theater company composed of college students devoting approximately a third of their day to academic study and the remainder to the systematic production, rehearsal, and performance of plays—stands unaltered. The changes have been prompted on the one hand by the growing inability of the commercial theater to provide a living, and on the other by the development of the college and community theater as fields offering an opportunity to work regularly with some degree of security. Although the training of the student actor has not

been slighted, the effort being if anything to make it more thorough, in recent years an increased emphasis on training for production and direction has fitted a greater number of students to work in the tributary theater.

The personality and spirit of the department is distinctive even to those who pass casually by, and ineradicably vivid to its many students and graduates. These are the elements from which it grows—an active theater producing regularly and frequently, youth with its exuberance and plasticity, the enriching influence of the study of the liberal arts in association with the other fine arts departments. At first glance these may seem to be the characteristics of every college department of drama. A closer view shows a difference.

The students are largely undergraduate, for it is a fundamental belief at Carnegie Tech that in teaching the arts, and in the development of both artists and craftsmen, the plasticity and enthusiasm of youth in its formative years are priceless assets which must be used, and that professional instruction should not follow a long academic preparation but should accompany it. Under a full program of academic study, the poten-



tial arts student frequently chafes and develops a wastefully listless and indifferent attitude toward all study. The frequent improvement in quality of work and general expansion in personality and spirit of students who transfer from a strictly liberal-arts program to the dominantly technical Carnegie program is vivid illustration of this. On the other hand, the young student of the arts and crafts can spend profitably only a certain proportion of each day in intensive technical study; time itself is important in the development of talent, and so aside from its general value the academic portion of the curriculum is important in lengthening the whole program.

To eliminate the student whose only qualifications for work in the theater are enthusiasm, desire, and adequate high-school preparation, the time-honored technical test serves not only the Department of Drama, but with various modifications, all the departments in the College of Fine Arts. In drama it consists of interviews of applicants by all the members of the departmental faculty, the presentation of short prepared dramatic scenes, and finally—for the actors—intensive rehearsal under several directors or, for those intending to specialize in other branches of the theater, submission of tangible evidence of their interest in, and qualifications for, study in that field.

The four-year undergraduate course provides, as I have already said, that indispensable element in the study of the theater, as in all the arts, time—time in which to develop and mature, years of study and practice under guidance and supervision in a producing theater which provides a wide variety of experience in all styles and modes of acting and production. The development of a man or woman of the theater involves much more than the acquisition of information and technical skills. The development of voice and body, the imagination, the mind, the personality, all are involved in this complex process. It cannot be forced or crowded; it must

be allowed its growing time. Four years is none too much, and so the entering freshman is plunged into a varied and strenuous program of theater study and practice from which he does not emerge until the last day of his senior year. The impatient student who must hurry is not for us. Nor is the narrow student who wants to concentrate on one aspect of the theater only, excluding all else. Ours is a preparation for a profession and a way of life rather than a means of acquiring a few quick tricks of the trade.

The Carnegie Theater is the axis about which the work and the lives of the entire department, both faculty and students, revolve. In a very real and practical sense the department operates much like a permanent theater company, except that sooner or later all participate in every phase of the work. The members of the company, whatever their special talents or interests may be, must learn to know all phases of a play's production and all aspects of the operation of a theater. That has been a first principle in the department from which there has never been a deviation. For the medium of the theater is complex, and its effective operation depends on the co-operation of a group with individual and frequently conflicting points of view.

Frequent production and many performances are also outstandingly characteristic of Carnegie Tech. For only in performance on a stage, working with others before an audience, can the student complete the lesson begun in the rehearsal room, the shop, or classroom. Fundamental theory may be taught and exercises practiced, but not until the student can command and apply this material under the very special and exacting conditions of an actual performance has his training been complete and effective. Only in the repetition of performances free from the abnormal excitement of an opening can the apprentice actor acquire ease and relaxation on the stage and learn to project, sustain, and time a performance. Similarly



## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

only in this way can the directors, the designers, and the technicians become sufficiently familiar with the operation of the production before an audience to learn the lessons each production has to teach. And so the Carnegie Tech theater operates as frequently as equipment, schedule, and human physique will permit. Including dress rehearsals the curtain rises each year on just less than one hundred performances of eight major productions embracing all styles and types of drama from the Greeks to modern melodrama. Within four years the shops, the stage, and the auditorium have all become homeland to the student.

These are the features which seem to me most characteristic of Carnegie Tech. It is not a college course with a theater on the side; it is not a theater with a college in the background; it is not an academic stock company; nor is it a forcing bed for talent. It is something of each, but it is much more. It is the Carnegie Tech Department of Drama.

## FALK COURSES FOR CARNEGIE ENGINEERS

A NEW program of social studies for engineering students, made possible by the Falk Foundation grant of \$300,000 to the Carnegie Institute of Technology 1946 Endowment Fund, has been put into effect at Carnegie Tech this year. This innovation in technical education consists of an integrated program of social studies designed to correct the results of undue emphasis which in the past has been placed upon the acquisition of technical skill at the expense of an understanding of economic, political, and social problems. Under the guidance of Willard E. Hotchkiss, who has been appointed Maurice Falk Professor of Social Relations, engineering students, in addition to their studies in applied science, will engage in an intensive study of social relations, including the effects of technological changes upon modern civilization. One

fourth of the student's time will be devoted to these new courses. A detailed account of the plan was the subject of an article in the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* for November, 1938.

## FREE LECTURES

(Illustrated)

### FINE ARTS

TUESDAY EVENINGS AT 8:15 P.M.

CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL

#### OCTOBER

- 24—Homer Saint-Gaudens, Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, "The Differences."
- 31—Royal Cortissoz, Art Editor of the New York Herald Tribune, "The International."

#### NOVEMBER

- 7—William M. Milliken, Director, Cleveland Museum of Art, "New Horizons."
- 14—Dudley Crafts Watson, Extension Lecturer, Art Institute of Chicago, "Painting Today."
- 21—Edward Alden Jewell, Art Editor of the New York Times, "Art in Our Time."

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS AT 2:30 P.M.

CARNEGIE LECTURE HALL

#### OCTOBER

- 29—Elmer A. Stephan, Director of Art, Pittsburgh Public Schools.

#### NOVEMBER

- 5—W. A. Readie, Head, Department of Painting and Design, Carnegie Institute of Technology.
- 12—Clarence H. Carter, Associate Professor, Department of Painting and Design, Carnegie Institute of Technology.

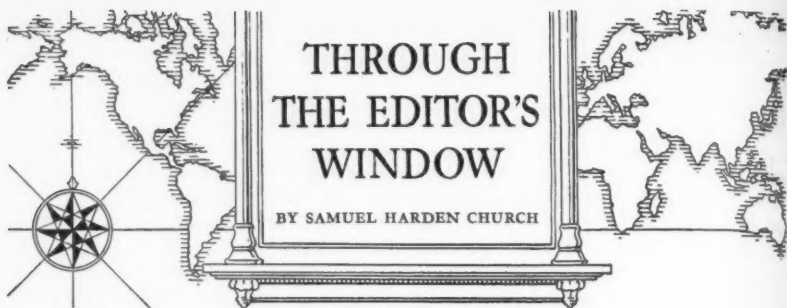
### CARNEGIE MUSEUM LECTURE SERIES

The Sunday afternoon lecture series will begin on November 19 at 2:15 P.M. in the Carnegie Lecture Hall. The lectures will be illustrated and will be announced in detail at a later date.

### THE GOAL OF EDUCATION

The program of education is never completed. It grows with the growth of humanity. Its source is life itself. It embraces knowledge, preparation, and aspiration carried forward under the free spirit of science, with the ideals of democracy as the ultimate goal. Through all these evolving processes we must cling to our most cherished ideal; namely, the opportunity for all our people to develop free, co-operative, rich, and useful lives.

—LESTER K. ADE



"THE GRAPES OF WRATH"

**I**N sheer defense, and because everybody was asking me whether I had read it, I spent a part of two days this last summer in the perusal of John Steinbeck's best seller, "The Grapes of Wrath." Some of the critics justify this book, in spite of the profane and indecent language that bursts upon every page, because it advances two social problems which seem to require adjustment. The first one is the poverty of the farming population through debt and soil erosion, and its exploitation by low wages by the grape-growers of California; but this shocking abuse was corrected, it is said, by legislation, long before the book was published. The second point made by Mr. Steinbeck is that the banker is a social enemy because he forecloses his mortgages when they come due and are not paid. Now, a banker is a man who has a strongbox into which we all deposit our money for safekeeping and who lends the surplus part of our money to the farmer for his necessities beyond what this year's crop will buy. But if the banker does not foreclose the defaulted mortgage when it becomes due, then Mr. Steinbeck's money—and yours, and mine—will be blown away with the erosion of the farmer's soil, and a common ruin will ensue.

There is, indeed, some ground for anxiety in the fact that when a number of small farms are sold under foreclosure and consolidated into big farms and

sold at auction, the small farmer becomes a wanderer. Is there any other way of meeting this point than by making it unlawful for any farmer possessing, say, less than one hundred acres to place any mortgage on his farm at any time? It might be worthwhile to try such a plan, in these days of social experiments, together with the exemption of such farms from taxation beyond a nominal sum. But we must not forget that means for the maintenance of the small farmer were provided by the arrangements of the Government long before Mr. Steinbeck ever thought of writing this opprobrious story.

But all these social problems could have been brought out and dramatized by Mr. Steinbeck in what might have been a noble book but for the indecencies of speech which degrade the author and shock his readers.

These reflections bring up Mr. Steinbeck's other book, "Of Mice and Men," which I did not read but saw in its stage-play form. In that case no claim could be made that a social reform was being presented. The story was that of an idiot boy, with a disposition to kill, going through with some farm labor under the unshakable protection of his friend. It was an impossible theme—insanity is always an impossible theme—and it was made plausible only by an investiture of profanity beyond anything that had ever before been produced by a theatrical manager.

In 1906 I went into the Alvin Theater in Pittsburgh to see Clyde Fitch's play,

"The City." As we entered the lobby, Harry Davis, manager of the theater, said: "I'm afraid you are not going to see this play to a finish." And when we asked why, he replied, "Because it has a profane line. One of the characters is made to shout: 'You are a goddamned liar!' Now, I won't permit a word like that to be spoken on any stage that I control, and I have notified Clyde Fitch and the actor that unless they modify it, I will ring down the curtain on the instant and refund the money to the people. But they are very defiant, and I don't know what the outcome will be." We sat in high tension until the scene developed toward its angry accusation. With simulated fury the actor spoke: "You are—You are—" Was he going to say it? "You are—a miserable liar!" Harry Davis had won his point and saved Pittsburgh from profanity on the stage for the next twenty years. Would that we had more Harry Davises in the theaters and in the publishing houses of America!

Yet America has two great institutions which are the foundation stones of pure speech and pure acting—the radio and the cinema. If any man were to attempt, in a radio address, to read one of the profane pages from "The Grapes of Wrath," he would instantly be shut off from further speech; and the movies—the blessed movies!—have never permitted the utterance of one foul or profane word in any picture presented on their screens. Should not managers and publishers take notice of these fine standards?

#### DID HITLER OFFER PEACE?

**I**N the whole history of tyranny in human government there has surely never been any usurper so cruel, so oppressive, and so bloodthirsty as Adolf Hitler. Not Attila the Hun, Ghengis Khan the Mongol, or Ivan the Terrible has ever brought upon the world so much shaking and frightful horror as he has done. And even Hitler surpassed himself in sinister brutality in making

what he called his proud and triumphal entry into Warsaw. He was at Berlin when the brave Warsaw defenders finally yielded the city to his armies after killing and wounding, as Hitler admits, nearly fifty thousand German soldiers. The pitiless conqueror declared that he must leave Berlin and go to Warsaw—to gloat over his victims. The official photographs that are being shown in the United States reveal the story of what he saw. Every physical thing that stood in Warsaw—churches, museums, hospitals, schools, and private residences—were damaged or destroyed. Everywhere in the streets, in the parks, and in the country suburbs far removed from the legitimate objectives of war were human bodies—peasants not in uniform, and their wives and children. Everywhere was the mark of the beast in the slaughter of the innocents.

And then came the most sinister act of all. Mr. Hitler returned to Berlin and made the speech which he said was his plea for peace. Beating his breast in joy and triumph, he informed the world that the objectives of his invasion of Poland had all been accomplished. For more than an hour the ravisher of Europe dwelt upon the military tactics which he had used to beat down a weaker nation that had been willing at all times before his attack to meet him in conference. He didn't see—in his insane egotism, ambition, and ignorance—he didn't see how he was exposing his conduct to the execration of all mankind. So he proposed—not peace, no, there was no peace in his words—but he proposed that England and France withdraw their powers and go home; and then that he and Stalin would continue in the division of the whole of Eastern Europe between themselves.

Let it not be overlooked that that was all he stipulated—that it was not a peace, but an arrogant order to the forces of liberty to go home.

France said, No, they would only have to come back in six months; and England said, No, the encroachments of

Hitler on the free nations of the world would continue. There could be no peace with a fire-breathing dragon.

America says it is not our war. And America is right. But Hitler has destroyed our nation's peace of mind and our tranquility of life; and his mad course of ravaging the world has already cost America two billions of dollars in our preparations for defense against his iniquitous purposes.

#### THE FLAG ACROSS THE STREET

JUST across the street from my window in the Carnegie Institute is the handsome white stone building of the Pittsburgh Board of Public Education. On every day throughout the year the flag of our country flies from their staff. Every now and then I walk to the window and look at that flag and ask myself, "Is that really the most beautiful flag in all the world, or do we only think it is because we love it?" And then I look again across the street, and a sense of shock and horror overcomes me, for I behold a motley group of men and women parading, each carrying a placard demanding the use of the public-school rooms for the dissemination of communism—a doctrine that would inevitably tear down that flag and substitute one that would symbolize Russia and all that Russia stands for in the destruction of freedom, the confiscation of property, the tyranny of government, and the daily slaughter of human life.

The picketing lasted for an hour, the beautiful flag flying over it all, as if protecting the very people who would destroy it. Then the procession dissolved itself; and I could not avoid the reflection that if the same American individuals had carried the same protesting banners in the streets of their beloved Moscow they would all have been shot in their tracks.

Fire that is closest kept burns most of all.  
—TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

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